DOUGLAS ADAMS'

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

LIFE the UNIVERSE and EVERYTHING

BOOK 1 OF THREE

CARNELL • VOKES • NYBERG

THE AUTHORIZED ADAPTATION

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Douglas Adams

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING

Book One

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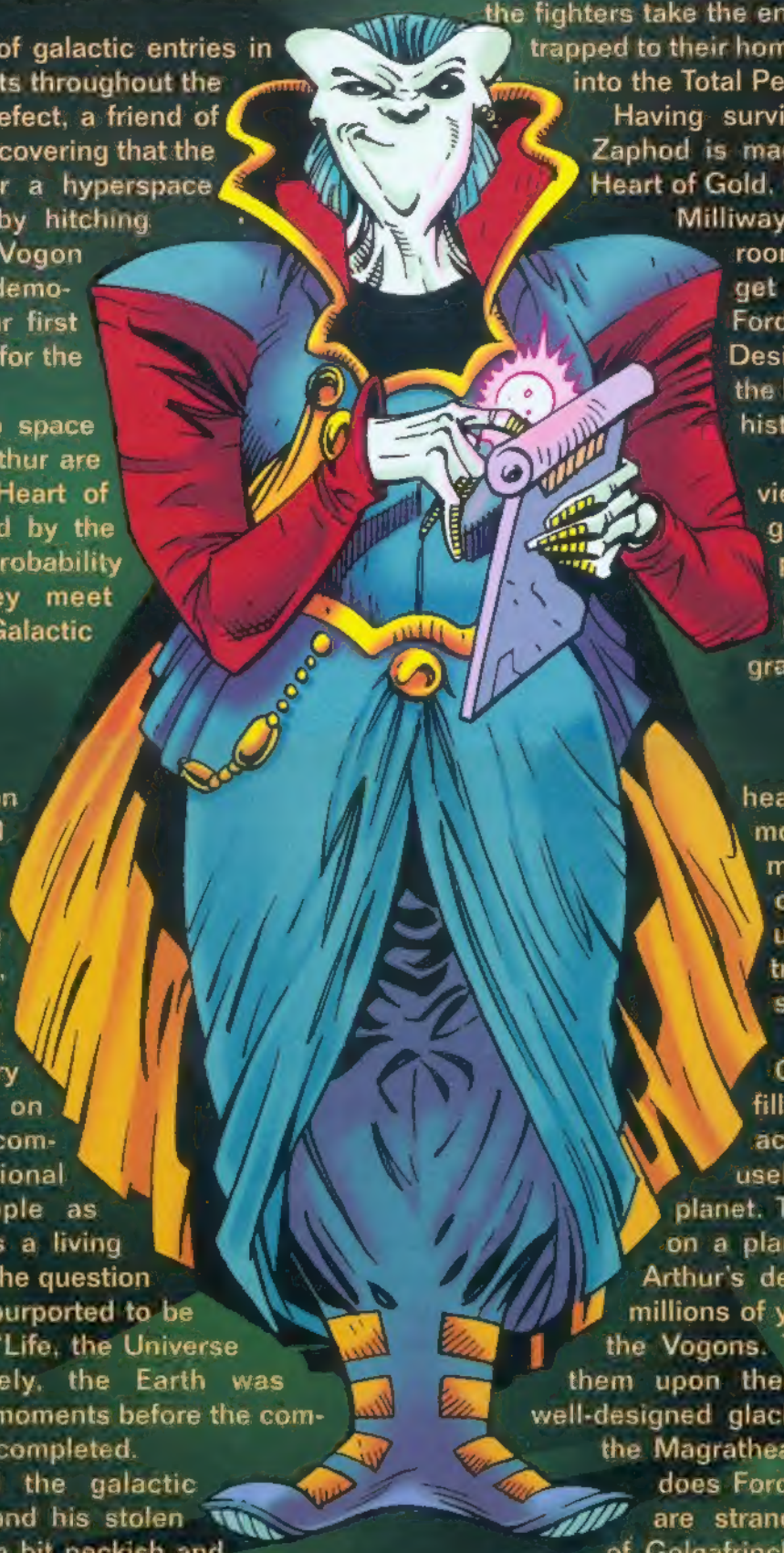
For Those With Short Memories: Our Story Thus Far

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY is an electronic book filled with all sorts of fascinating information for the low-budget galactic traveler. It is published by Megaloo Publications, which is located on the fabulously boring planet of Ursa Minor Beta.

To update the vast number of galactic entries in the Guide, Megaloo sends agents throughout the galaxy. One of them is Ford Prefect, a friend of Earthman Arthur Dent. Upon discovering that the Earth is to be demolished for a hyperspace bypass, Ford rescues Arthur by hitching a ride aboard one of the Vogon Destructor ships sent to do the demolition job. It is here that Arthur first learns that Ford is a researcher for the Hitchhiker's Guide.

After being shoved out into space by a Vogon guard, Ford and Arthur are miraculously rescued by the Heart of Gold, a fantastic ship powered by the newly developed Infinite Improbability Drive. Aboard the ship they meet Zaphod Beeblebrox, erstwhile Galactic President and cousin of Ford's;



Trillian, who was picked up on Earth by Zaphod at a rather dull dinner party in Islington; and Marvin the Paranoid Android.

Together, they venture to the mythical planet of Magrathea, planet-building king of the galaxy. Here they meet Slartibartfast, master planetary designer. They also learn on Magrathea that the Earth was commissioned by transdimensional beings known to Earth people as **mice**. The Earth was built as a living computer, designed to provide the question to the answer "42"—which is purported to be the answer to the question of "Life, the Universe and Everything." Unfortunately, the Earth was destroyed by the Vogons mere moments before the computations to the question were completed.

Having narrowly defeated the galactic police who are after Zaphod and his stolen ship, our heroes begin to feel a bit peckish and decide to travel to Milliways—the Restaurant at the End of the Universe—for a bite to eat.

On their way there, the Heart of Gold is attacked by Vogons. Zaphod summons up the spirit of his great-granddad, who performs some mystical maneuvers, one of which transports Zaphod to Ursa Minor Beta in search of Zarniwoop—publisher of the Hitchhiker's Guide. Marvin also mysteriously appears on the planet—just in time to help Zaphod escape a fleet of lethal Frogstar Fighters. Well, not quite, as the fighters take the entire building in which Zaphod is trapped to their home planet in order to feed Zaphod into the Total Perspective Vortex.

Having survived this almost-certain death, Zaphod is magically transported back to the Heart of Gold, which instantaneously travels to Milliways. Once seated in the main room, Ford and Zaphod proceed to get totally sloshed. It is then that Ford spots an old friend, Hotblack Desiato, leader of "Disaster Area," the biggest, loudest rock band in the history of . . . well, history.

After a meal and a spectacular view of the Universe ending, our group finds its way to Milliways' parking garage to steal a fast ship. Unfortunately, they steal Desiato's ship, which is programmed to drive itself into the heart of a sun—the climactic moment of Disaster Area's performances. Since the controls are all on automatic, Ford, Arthur, et al. use the malfunctioning ship transporter to leave before the ship reaches its nuclear fate.

Ford and Arthur materialize on a Golgafrinchan colonizing ship, filled with hairdressers, salesmen, account execs and many other useless middlemen from their home planet. The ship manages to crash-land on a planet that looks suspiciously like Arthur's dear old homeworld, the Earth—millions of years before it was destroyed by the Vogons. This suspicion is confirmed for them upon their discovery of a surprisingly well-designed glacier, signed by none other than the Magrathean, Slartibartfast. This discovery does Ford and Arthur little good, as they are stranded with a totally useless lot of Golgafrinchans and an equally dim lot of primitive humans.

Their ultimate fates, and those of Zaphod, Trillian, Slartibartfast and Marvin the Paranoid Android, are the subject under investigation as we begin our quest for *Life, the Universe and Everything.*

Douglas Adams is the best-selling author of the HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY series. He is also known for his Dirk Gently books: DIRK GENTLY'S HOLISTIC DETECTIVE AGENCY and THE LONG DARK TEATIME OF THE SOUL and, with John Lloyd, THE MEANING OF LIFF. His most recent books are the latest Hitchhiker's novel, MOSTLY HARMLESS, and a travel volume called LAST CHANCE TO SEE. . . He lives in Islington, England.

Paris Cullins is a comics veteran whose credits include THE BLUE BEETLE and WONDER WOMAN for DC and Clive Barker's HYPERKIND for Marvel. Paris was the original penciller of Valiant Comics' revival of MAGNUS, ROBOT FIGHTER, and has contributed pencils and character designs to OMNI COMICS.

Painfully humble artist **Neil Vokes** has drawn in nearly every comics genre imaginable—including a few that haven't been imagined yet—and enjoys every one of them. He's drawn JOHNNY DEMON for Dark Horse Comics, JURASSIC PARK: RAPTOR HIJACK for Topps, CLAYPOOL'S ELVIRA: MISTRESS OF THE DARK, CONGORILLA for DC, and many others. Now in his tenth year of drawing comics professionally, Neil lives in New Jersey with his wife and daughter.

John Workman was born on June 20, 1950—a date he used as the name of a series ("June 2050") he created for HEAVY METAL while serving as their art director. Over the past twenty years, he's been an editor, penciller, inker, writer, designer, and colorist. He's generally best known for his lettering, which has made its way to every major publisher of comics. John lives with his wife, daughter and a veritable menagerie in New Jersey.

John Carnell, born in Ramsgate, England, was very nearly educated at school, but instead chose the Never Ending Diploma Course offered by The University of Life. The published work that he'll own up to include: THE SLEEZE BROTHERS comic books and PET SQUAD, a series of children's books. His present projects include a radio series about the lost seven letters of the cosmic alphabet ("The Significant Seven"), an illustrated book of children's poems and a book of shark jokes called SHARK RAVIN' MAD. John's passions include: ornithology, drinking, collecting wild fungi, sex, swimming, talking to trees, and horse racing (although he's never beaten one yet).

Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, **John Nyberg** has led a nomadic lifestyle, traveling around the United States while lending his considerable inking skills to a wide variety of companies. Ten years ago, John plunged headfirst into his first assignment—inking Steve Rude on NEXUS—before moving on to GREEN ARROW and PLASTIC MAN for DC Comics, DOOM 2099 for Marvel, and the adaptation of BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA for Topps. John lives in New Jersey with his wife, Amy, and is inking LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING because (among other reasons) it is one of her favorite books.

Digital Chameleon, headed by Lovern Kindzierski and Christopher Chuckry, has grown from two to thirty employees in four years. During this period, they've provided high-quality color services to all major publishers in the industry and continue to pursue higher levels of quality and performance. Current projects include LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT and the SUPERMAN titles for DC Comics.

IN THE UNCHARTED BACK-WATERS OF THE UNFASHION-ABLE END OF THE WESTERN SPIRAL ARM OF THE GALAXY...
...AN IMMORTAL BEING HURTLES TOWARD PRE-HISTORIC PLANET EARTH.
HIS NAME IS WOWBAGGER THE INFINITELY PROLONGED--A MAN WITH A MISSION.
A MISSION TO INSULT EVERYONE IN THE UNIVERSE. (IN ALPHA-BETICAL ORDER, OF COURSE.)

UH?
DENT?
ARTHUR PHILIP DENT?
URR, YES! UM...
YOU'RE A JERK. A COMPLETE KNEEBITER.
SOME TWO YEARS LATER ON THE SAME PRE-HISTORIC PLANET...
YOU'RE A JERK. A COMPLETE KNEE-BITER.
OH!
AGHHH!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
WHAT SHALL I DO TODAY?
OH, YES, I KNOW...
...I THINK I'LL GO MAD.
GO MAD. GOOD IDEA.
FORD!
I WENT MAD FOR A WHILE. DID ME NO END OF GOOD.
FORD?

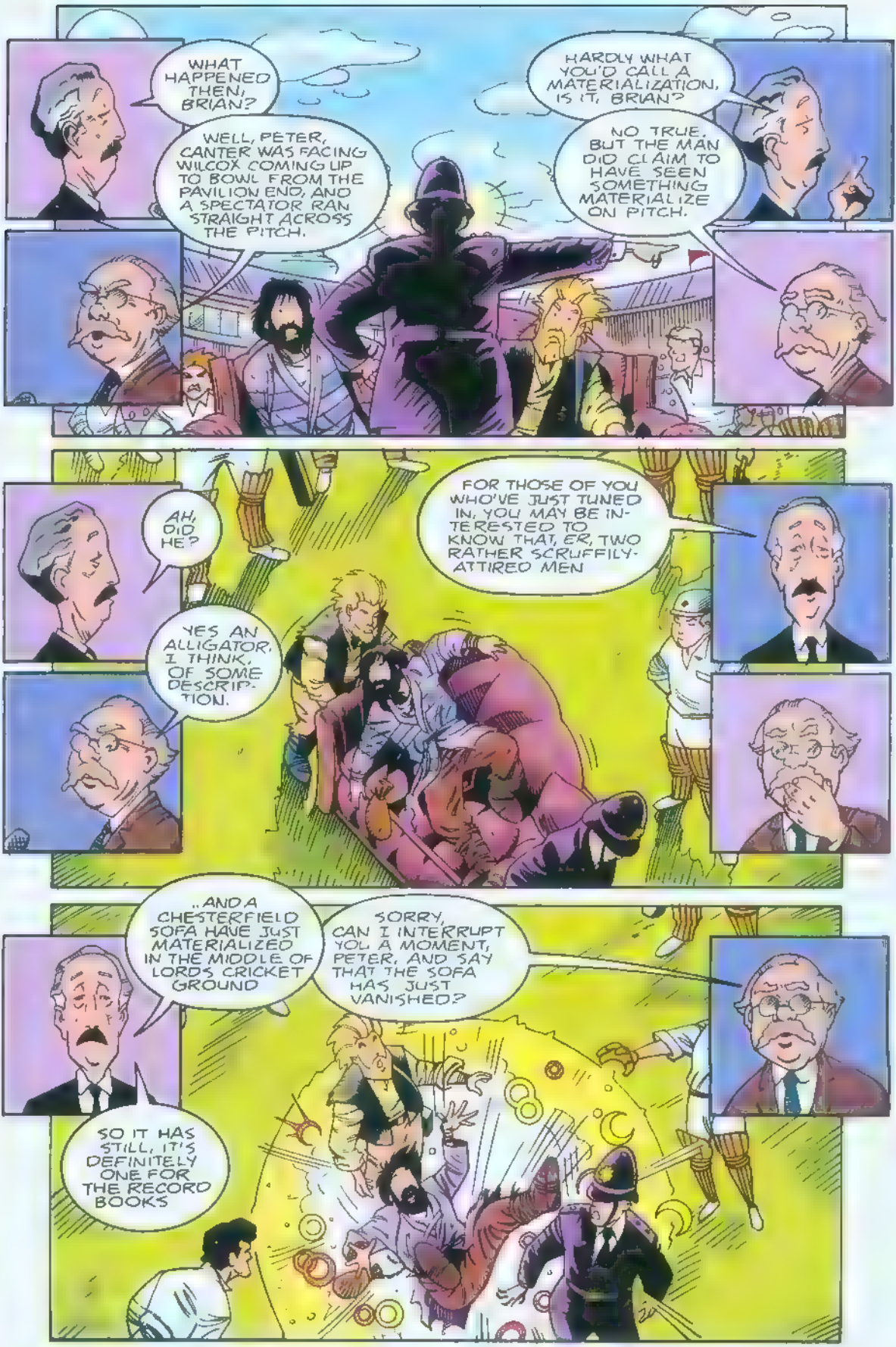
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
AROUND AND ABOUT, Y'KNOW. I JUST TOOK MY MIND OFF THE HOOK FOR A BIT.
I RECKONED THAT IF THE WORLD WANTED ME BADLY ENOUGH, IT WOULD CALL BACK...
...AND IT DID. LOOK.
I THOUGHT YOU MUST BE DEAD.
SO DID I, FOR A WHILE.
AND THEN I DECIDED I WAS A LEMON FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS AND AMUSED MYSELF JUMPING IN AND OUT OF A GIN AND TONIC.
WELL, IT WAS A SMALL LAKE THAT THOUGHT IT WAS A GIN AND TONIC ...AT LEAST I THINK IT THOUGHT IT WAS A GIN AND TONIC.

SO WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME, OR SHOULDN'T I ASK?
I WENT TO AFRICA.
AFRICA WAS INTERESTING. I BEHAVED VERY ODDLY THERE.
I TOOK UP BEING CRUEL TO ANIMALS... BUT ONLY AS A HOBBY.
YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EVOLVED SHAPE OF THE ANIMAL YOU KNOW IN LATER CENTURIES AS A GIRAFFE.
AND I TRIED TO LEARN TO FLY.
THE GUIDE SAYS--
THE GUIDE?
YES, THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY-- REMEMBER?
DON'T PANIC
YES, BUT I REMEMBER THROWING IT IN THE RIVER.
YES, BUT I FISHED IT OUT.
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME.
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO THROW IT BACK IN AGAIN.
THE GUIDE SAYS THERE'S AN ART TO FLYING, OR RATHER A KNACK.
"THE KNACK LIES IN LEARNING HOW TO THROW YOURSELF AT THE GROUND AND MISS"...?
I HAVEN'T DONE VERY WELL SO FAR.

AND SO..
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOLGAFRINCHAMS?
A LOT OF THEM DIDN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THE WINTER THREE YEARS AGO.
THE FEW WHO REMAINED IN THE SPRING SAID THEY NEEDED A HOLIDAY AND SET OFF ON A RAFT.
ARTHUR-- I'VE DETECTED DISTURBANCES IN THE WASH, Y'KNOW.
THE WASH?
THE SPACE-TIME WASH.
ARE WE TALKING ABOUT SOME SORT OF VOGON LAUNDROMAT, OR WHAT?
EDDIES IN THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM.
EDDY WHO?
LISTEN THERE SEEM.. TO BE SOME POOLS, OF INSTABILITY...IN THE... FABRIC...
HUH?
IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE-TIME!
THERE'S A MOVING POOL OF INSTABILITY IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE-TIME AND IT'S SOMEWHERE IN OUR VICINITY
OH!
FORD, WHY IS THERE A SOFA IN THAT FIELD?

I TOLD YOU SO! EDDIES IN THE SPACE TIME CONTINUUM
AND THIS IS HIS SOFA, IS IT?
THAT SOFA IS THERE BECAUSE OF THE SPACE-TIME INSTABILITY I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ABOUT.
IT'S BEEN WASHED OUT OF THE CONTINUUM IT'S SPACE-TIME JETSAM
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH IT!
IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE!
AT LAST. . FOR ONCE, THINGS ARE GOING COMPLETELY AS PLANNED
HALF AN HOUR AGO I DECIDED TO GO COMPLETELY MAD, AND NOW

MEANWHILE ON 20TH CENTURY PLANET EARTH
TOP GAME HERE AT LORD'S CRICKET GROUND WITH ENGLAND LOOKING LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO REGAIN THE ASHES.
KWURP
WELL THIS IS AN INTERESTING INCIDENT BRIAN
I DON'T THINK THERE HAVE BEEN ANY MYSTERIOUS MATERIALIZATIONS ON THE PITCH SINCE, OH, SINCE..
EDGBASTON, 1932, PETER?


WHAT HAPPENED THEN, BRIAN?
WELL, PETER, CANTER WAS FACING WILCOX COMING UP TO BOWL FROM THE PAVILION END, AND A SPECTATOR RAN STRAIGHT ACROSS THE PITCH.
HARDLY WHAT YOU'D CALL A MATERIALIZATION, IS IT, BRIAN?
NO TRUE, BUT THE MAN DID CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN SOMETHING MATERIALIZE ON PITCH.
AH, DID HE?
YES AN ALLIGATOR, I THINK, OF SOME DESCRIPTION.
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE JUST TUNED IN, YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT, ER, TWO RATHER SCRUFFILY-ATTIRED MEN
..AND A CHESTERFIELD SOFA HAVE JUST MATERIALIZED IN THE MIDDLE OF LORDS CRICKET GROUND
SORRY, CAN I INTERRUPT YOU A MOMENT, PETER, AND SAY THAT THE SOFA HAS JUST VANISHED?
SO IT HAS STILL, IT'S DEFINITELY ONE FOR THE RECORD BOOKS

AND SO..
FORD, WHERE AM I?
LORDS CRICKET GROUND
SO I'M HOME?
HOME! EARTH! ENGLAND! TEA! CRICKET! MOWN GRASS, WOODEN BENCHES, BEER!
YES, YOU'RE HOME
. BUT THE EARTH WILL BE DEMOLISHED BY THE VOGONS IN TWO DAY'S TIME.
PERHAPS I SHOULD--
NO. DON'T TRY AND PHONE YOURSELF UP AT HOME
BUT WHY NOT?!
"HELLO? IS THAT ARTHUR DENT? YES, HELLO THIS IS ARTHUR DENT SPEAKING DON'T HANG UP!"
"HE HUNG UP"
THIS IS NOT MY FIRST TEMPORAL ANOMALY, Y'KNOW.
SO WE'RE NOT HOME AND DRY AFTER ALL
WE COULD NOT EVEN BE SAID TO BE HOME AND VIGOROUSLY TOWELING OURSELVES OFF!

FORD, THIS ISN'T MY BAG IT'S VERY SIMILAR TO THE ONE I HAD, BUT.
...THIS ISN'T MY TOWEL, EITHER I HAD A GOLGA FRINCHAM JOGGING TOWEL--BLUE, WITH YELLOW STARS ON IT.
AND THESE ARE NOT MY STONES, EITHER MINE WERE INTERESTING STONES THESE ARE CLEARLY DULL
OKAY, I REALIZE THAT IT IS PROBABLY NOT IMPORTANT, NOT IN THE COSMIC SCALE OF THINGS
IT'S JUST ODD, THAT'S ALL
FORD! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DO NG?

WOOOOO
NOW, I WOULD SAY THAT THIS IS ALSO A VERY CURIOUS EVENT.
IT'S NOT HERE. IT ROLLED OFF OVER THERE SOME-WHERE, I THINK
YOU ALL R GHT, MISTER?
NO.
O!! WHAT'S YOUR NAME ?
DENT, ARTHUR DENT
YOU'RE A JERK, DENT A COMPLETE KNEE-BITER!

THERE'S AN S E P OVER THERE.
A WHAT?
AN S.E.P.! A SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROBLEM!
AH GOOD
OVER THERE, BEHIND THAT SCREEN--AN S E P CAN YOU SEE IT?
I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROBLEM?
THAT'S RIGHT!
CAN YOU SEE IT?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?
AN S E P IS SOMETHING THAT WE CAN'T SEE, OR OUR BRAIN WON'T LET US SEE BECAUSE WE THINK IT'S SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROBLEM.
THE BRAIN JUST EDITS IT OUT, LIKE A BLIND SPOT

IF YOU LOOK AT IT DIRECTLY, YOU WON'T SEE IT UNLESS YOU YOU KNOW PRECISELY WHAT IT IS
I CAN SEE IT
IT'S A SPACE SHIP
EXCITING, ISN'T IT?

YOUR TEAM HAS JUST WON IT MEANS THEY RETAIN THE ASHES YOU MUST BE VERY PLEASED.
W W W !?!?
I MUST SAY, I'M RATHER FOND OF CRICKET, THOUGH I WOULDN'T LIKE ANYONE OUTSIDE THIS PLANET TO HEAR ME SAYING THAT OH, DEAR, NO
?!?
HI, SLARTI-BARTFAST S THAT YOUR SHIP? CAN YOU GIVE US A LIFT ANY WHERE?
T S JUST THAT THE EARTH S GOING TO BE DEMOLISHED IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, AND
F WE DON'T GET OUT SOON WE M GHT GET CAUGHT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF T AGAIN
AND THERE'S NOTHING THAT DE PRESSES ME MORE THAN SEEING A PLANET BEING DESTROYED
OR HANGING AROUND CRICKET MATCHES
PATIENCE, GREAT THINGS ARE AFOOT
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST TIME WE MET!
AND THEY WERE.

WHAT THE ZARKING FAROWARKS IS GOING ON?
WELL, THE CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH TEAM IS ABOUT TO COLLECT THE ASHES - THE REMAINS OF A CRICKET STUMP BURNT IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA IN 1882
IT LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS THEM TO GIVE HIM THE ASHES
SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT THEM BEING VITALLY IMPORTANT TO THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE SAFETY OF THE GALAXY

AAUGBOOMKA-BOOM-BOOM
AUGGH!
HANG ON, SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING
THIS IS NOT MY PLANET! I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE AND TO A PARTY WITH PEOPLE I CAN RELATE TO!

WELL THE SUPER-NATURAL BRIGADE CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE OUT IN FORCE TODAY, BRIAN
SWAK
AAGGHHH
KA-BOOM

THEY'VE GOT THEM! THEY'VE GOT THEM!
FLOOP
THEY'VE TAKEN THE ASHES
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAYS THEY'VE TAKEN THE ASHES, THE BURNT REMAINS OF THE CRICKET STUMP I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU ABOUT.
STRANGE THING TO SAY
STRANGE THING TO TAKE
STRANGE SHIP!
YES, I KNOW, BUT THERE IS A REASON
NOW HURRY, WE MUST GO. THE ANCIENT NIGHTMARE IS COME AGAIN DOOM CONFRONTS US ALL
I FANCY SOME WHERE SUNNY

AAAUUUGGHHH
NOOOOO. NO
ARTHUR PHILIP DEODAT?
YES?
YOU'RE A NO-GOOD DUMBO NOTHING.
I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BEFORE YOU WENT

IMPORTANT FACTS FROM GALACTIC HISTORY NUMBER TWO.
SINCE THIS GALAXY BEGAN, VAST CIVILIZATIONS HAVE RISEN AND FALLEN SO OFTEN THAT IT'S TEMPTING TO THINK
(A) SOMETHING AKIN SEASICK, SPACE-SICK, TIME-SICK, HISTORY-SICK OR SOME SUCH THING.
VOGON SHIP
PLANET EARTH (FORMER)
KABOOM
EXPLOSION
AND (C) STUPID.

NICE MOVER! MAKES THE HEART OF GOLD SEEM LIKE AN ELECTRIC PRAM. SHAME ABOUT THE DECOR, THOUGH
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
THE DECOR SHAME ABOUT IT.
DEEP IN THE FUNDAMENTAL HEART OF MIND AND UNIVERSE THERE'S A REASON!

HOW FAR HAVE WE JUST TRAVELLED?
ROUGHLY, ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY ACROSS THE GALACTIC DISC.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE ARE GOING TO CONFRONT AN ANCIENT NIGHTMARE OF THE UNIVERSE.
AND WHERE ARE YOU DROPPING US OFF? SOMEWHERE WE CAN GET DRUNK AND LISTEN TO SOME EXTREMELY EVIL MUSIC, I HOPE
I WILL NEED YOUR HELP
HEY, ECCENTRICA GALLUMBITS! DID YOU EVER MEET HER--THE TRIPLE-BREASTED WHORE OF EROTICON SIX?
A CURSE HAS ARISEN FROM THE MISTS OF TIME...
...A CURSE WHICH WILL ENGULF THE GALAXY IN FIRE AND DESTRUCTION AND POSSIBLY BRING THE UNIVERSE TO A PREMATURE END.
Y KNOW, ARTHUR, SOME PEOPLE SAY HER EROGENOUS ZONES START SOME FOUR MILES FROM HER ACTUAL BODY
ME, I DISAGREE I SAY FIVE.

ARTHUR, WE'RE GOING OUT INTO THE GALAXY TO HAVE SOME FUN CAN YOU COPE WITH THAT?
WHAT'S SLARTIBARTFAST LOOKING SO WORRIED ABOUT?
NOTHING!
DOOOOM!
COME, THERE IS MUCH I MUST SHOW AND TELL YOU
MY DOCTOR SAYS I HAVE A MALFORMED PUBLIC DUTY GLAND AND A NATURAL DEFICIENCY IN MORAL FIBRE
I'M THEREFORE EXCUSED FROM SAVING UNIVERSES
THE CENTRAL COMPUTATIONAL AREA. YES, I KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.
BUT IT IS, IN FACT, A COMPLEX, FOUR-DIMENSIONAL TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF A SERIES OF COMPLEX MATHEMATICAL FUNCTIONS
IT LOOKS LIKE A JOKE
BISTROMATHICS. THE MOST POWERFUL COMPUTATIONAL FORCE KNOWN TO PARA-SCIENCE
COME. THE ROOM OF INFORMATIONAL ILLUSIONS AWAITS US

I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE, AM I?

MEANWHILE, ON THE SWAMP PLANET OF SQUORNSHELLOUS ZETA...
Hello, Robot--we could have a conversation Would you like that?
NO
My name is ZEM. We could discuss the weather
SPLUDGE
SPLUDGE
DID YOU NOTICE HOW THE DEW FELL WITH A PARTICULARLY SICKENING THUD THIS MORNING?
SPLUDGE
I sense a deep dejectedness in your diodes and it saddens me
You should be more mattress-like We live quiet, retired lives in the swamp where we are content to FLOLLOP and VOLLUE...
I think you have something on your mind
MORE THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE
SPLUDGE
and regard the wetness in a fairly FLOOPY manner
Why are you walking 'round in circles?

That is a pretty poor sort of leg
IT IS
SMUDGE SMUDGE
AND TO THINK THAT I WAS A CELEBRITY ONCE ON ACCOUNT OF MY MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM A FATE ALMOST AS GOOD AS DEATH IN THE HEART OF A BLAZING SUN
I WAS RESCUED BY A SCRAP-METAL MERCHANT!
IMAGINE THAT ! HERE I AM, BRAIN THE SIZE OF A LARGE PLANET
WOP
YOU SEE THE SORT OF THING I HAVE TO CONTEND WITH?
FOOP

BACK IN THE ROOM OF INFORMATIONAL ILLUSIONS...
KABOOM
KABOOM
KABOOM
KRIPPO
THESE THEN WERE THE KRIKKIT WARS, THE GREATEST DEVASTATION EVER VISITED UPON OUR GALAXY.
AND LET US NOT FORGET...
IT'S JUST A DOCU-MENTARY THIS IS NOT A GOOD BIT, SORRY TRYING TO FIND THE REWIND CON-TROL.
...THAT BEFORE THE KRIKKIT WARS, THE GALAXY WAS THAT RARE AND WONDER-FUL THING...
...A HAPPY GALAXY.
DO NOT AGREE TO BUY ANY-THING AT THIS POINT.

A HAPPY GALAXY, MY FRIENDS, AS REPRESENTED BY THIS SYMBOL OF THE WIKKITT GATE.
THE THREE PILLARS... THE STEEL PILLAR WHICH REPRESENTS THE STRENGTH AND POWER OF THE GALAXY...
...THE PERSPEX PILLAR REPRESENTING THE FORCES OF SCIENCE AND REASON IN THE GALAXY...
AND THE WOODEN PILLAR REPRESENTING THE FORCES OF NATURE AND SPIRITUALITY...
THESE PILLARS BETWEEN THEM SUPPORT THE GOLDEN BAIL OF PROSPERITY AND THE SILVER BAIL OF PEACE!
THERE IS NOT ONE CIVILIZED WORLD WHERE THIS SYMBOL IS NOT REVERED EVEN TODAY. EVEN ON PRIMITIVE WORLDS, IT PERSISTS IN RACIAL MEMORIES.
THIS IT WAS THAT THE FORCES OF KRIKKIT DESTROYED...
...AND NOW LOCKS THEIR WORLD AWAY...
...UNTIL THE END OF ETERNITY.

THIS IS NOT THE ORIGINAL, OF COURSE. THAT WAS DESTROYED AND BLASTED INTO THE EVER-WHIRLING EDDIES OF THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM AND LOST FOREVER..
THIS IS A REMARKABLE REPLICA, HAND-TOOLED BY SKILLED CRAFTSMEN A MEMENTO YOU WILL BE PROUD TO OWN
FOUND THE REWIND DEVICE DON'T NOO, THAT'S ALL
NOW LET US BOW OUR HEADS IN PAYMENT.
FLIK
YOU GET THE GIST?
I'M ASTONISHED AND BE-WILDERED
I WAS ASLEEP D'OI MISS ANY-THING?
THIS, I WILL TELL YOU MYSELF
THIS IS WHERE IT ALL STARTS THIS IS KRIKKIT.

ELSEWHERE...
WHIRRR
PLEASED TO BE OF SERVICE
SHUT UP
THANK YOU FOR MAKING A SIMPLE DOOR VERY HAPPY
HOPE YOUR DIODES ROT.
STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!
IT'S MY PLEASURE TO OPEN FOR YOU..
ZARK OFF!
WHIRRR
AND MY SATISFACTION TO CLOSE AGAIN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF A JOB WELL-DONE
STOMP!
WHY!
WHY!
WHY?
LOOK, YOU'VE FINISHED THE MISSION YOU'VE BEEN ON FOR YEARS YOU'RE BOUND TO FEEL A BIT AIMLESS
I THINK IT FINISHED ME.
SPOP!

HERE I AM, ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX. I'VE GOT THE GREATEST SHIP IN THE SKY, A GIRL WITH WHOM THINGS SEEM TO BE WORKING OUT PRETTY WELL
ARE THEY?
URP
OKAY, ÷HIC÷ SO I'M NOT AN EXPERT IN PERSONAL RELATION SHIPS ÷HIC÷
BUT I'M ONE HELL OF A GUY! ÷HIC÷ I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT...
...ONLY I JUST DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA WHAT!
COME BACK! ÷HIC÷ WHERE YA GOING?
I DON'T CARE ANY-WHERE
WHAT ABOUT THE EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE -HIC- AND REALLY WILD THINGS?

EXCITEMENT, ADVENTURE, AND REALLY WILD THINGS!
HUH!
WOO!
COMPUTER, IS THERE SOMEONE ON THIS SHIP?
MMMMM
COMPUTER, WHEN I UNGAG YOU .
MMMMM
. REMIND ME TO PUNCH MYSELF IN THE MOUTH
DOOR, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME SAY SO VERY QUIETLY
I CAN HEAR YOU
GOOD. NOW IN A MOMENT I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO OPEN
WHEN YOU OPEN, I DO NOT WANT YOU TO SAY THAT YOU ENJOYED IT, OKAY?
OKAY

AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO SAY TO ME THAT I HAVE MADE A SIMPLE DOOR VERY HAPPY
OR THAT IT WAS YOUR PLEASURE TO OPEN FOR ME
AND YOUR SATISFACTION TO CLOSE AGAIN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF A JOB WELL DONE
AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO SAY "HAVE A NICE DAY."
UNDERSTAND?
I UNDERSTAND
OKAY OPEN NOW
IS THAT THE WAY YOU LIKE IT, MR. BEEBLEBROX?
ARRRRGGHHH!

OKAY, I WANT YOU TO IMAGINE THAT I HAVE AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL KILL-O-ZAP BLASTER IN MY HAND
YOU DO HAVE A KILL-O-ZAP BLASTER IN YOUR HAND.
YEAH? WELL, I WOULDN'T WANT TO TAX YOUR IMAGINATION, ROBOT!
I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT YOU'VE PARKED YOUR SHIP THROUGH MINE
YES.
SO WHAT ARE YOU CATS DOING HERE?
ERR, OKAY SO WHAT ARE YOU ROBOTS DOING HERE?
GNARK
WE HAVE COME FOR THE GOLD BAIL.
IT IS PART OF THE KEY WE SEEK TO RELEASE OUR MASTERS FROM KRIKKIT.

THE KEY WAS DISINTEGRATED IN TIME AND SPACE. THE GOLDEN BAIL IS EMBEDDED IN THE DEVICE WHICH DRIVES YOUR SHIP.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
OUR MASTERS SHALL BE RELEASED. THE UNIVERSAL READJUSTMENT WILL CONTINUE.
OBLITERATION. WE SEEK THE KEY. WE ALREADY HAVE THE WOODEN PILLAR, THE STEEL PILLAR, AND THE PERSPEX PILLAR.
IN A MOMENT, WE WILL HAVE THE GOLD BAIL.
OH, NO YOU WON'T! THAT MAKES MY SHIP WORK!
IN A MOMENT, WE WILL HAVE THE GOLD BAIL.
AND THEN WE MUST GO TO A PARTY.
CAN I COME?
NO. WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT YOU.
BEAT!
URGG

MEANWHILE, THE ILLUSIONS OF KRIKKIT CONTINUE
LISTEN AND WATCH THESE ARE THE MASTERS OF KRIKKIT
THE MASTERS OF WHAT?
THE GAME YOU KNOW AS CRICKET IS JUST ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS FREAKS OF RACIAL MEMORY WHICH CAN KEEP IMAGES ALIVE IN THE MIND ..
.. AEONS AFTER THEIR TRUE SIGNIFICANCE HAS BEEN LOST IN THE MISTS OF TIME
OF ALL THE RACES IN THE GALAXY, ONLY THE ENGLISH COULD POSSIBLY REVIVE THE MEMORY OF THE MOST HORRIFIC WARS EVER...
AND TRANSFORM THEM INTO WHAT I'M AFRAID IS GENERALLY REGARDED AS A DULL AND POINTLESS GAME
I'M RATHER FOND OF IT MYSELF BUT IN MOST PEOPLE'S EYES, YOU HAVE BEEN GUILTY OF THE MOST GROTESQUELY BAD TASTE
PARTICULARLY THE BIT ABOUT THE LITTLE RED BALL HITTING THE WICKET, THAT'S VERY NASTY
HOWZAAT!

THESE ARE THE MASTERS OF KRIKKIT, THE ONES WHO STARTED IT ALL
IT WILL START TONIGHT WE WILL FOLLOW THEM AND SEE WHY.
YOU MUST SURELY KNOW WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN?
NO.
DID YOU NOT LEARN ANCIENT GALACTIC HISTORY WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD?
I WAS IN A CYBERCUBICLE NEXT TO ZAPHOD. IT WAS VERY DISTRACTING.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, EARTHMAN?
IT'S THE BLANK SKY. IT MAKES YOU FEEL SO ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE
NOT THEM. THEY NEVER DID THINK, "WE ARE ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE" BECAUSE THEY NEVER KNEW THERE WAS A UNIVERSE TO BE ALONE IN.
KAZZZ
UNTIL TONIGHT.
WHEN THE BURNING WRECKAGE OF A SPACESHIP CAME SCREAMING OUT OF THE SKY.
AGGHH!

AND SO, STILL UNDER THE ILLUSION..
FORD, DON'T TELL ME THIS THING'S GOING TO FLY?
OKAY, I WON'T.
GRUNGE
NO WAY DOES ANYONE DESIGN A SHIP LIKE THIS IN A YEAR, NO MATTER HOW MOTIVATED.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT PROVE IT TO ME AND I STILL WON'T BELIEVE IT
BLECH

BUUURRRRRRRR
AS THE KRIKKIT PILOTS PERFORMED THEIR HISTORIC MISSION
UUURRRRRRRR
TO FIND OUT IF THERE WAS ANYTHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY
UUUUUUURR
HISTORY WAS GATHERING ITSELF TO DELIVER ANOTHER BLOW
S-KANK

IT'LL HAVE TO GO.
TO BE CONTINUED...

Will the Krikkiters destroy the universe (and who's to say they haven't already)? Can Arthur, Ford, and Slartibartfast stop the deadly Krikkit robots from completing the wicket gate? Where's Zaphod? Where's Trillian? And doesn't anyone care about poor Marvin? Actually, wait, don't answer that last one . . .

But do join us next month for some, if not all the answers to these questions—as well as the party of the year (and the year before that, and the year before that . . .) in

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING #2!

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"What shall I do today? Oh yes, I know . . . I think I'll go mad."

—Arthur Dent

From a quiet morning on prehistoric Earth to a war-torn cricket field to the fastest spaceship in existence—what's a temporally displaced Earthman to do?

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